

The Golden Greyhound

The Adventures of a New York Man and
a New York Girl Aboard a Treasure Ship
By Dwight Tilton

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SYNOPSIS OF PUBLISHING CHAPTERS.
The story of the adventures of a New York man and a New York girl aboard a treasure ship. The man, a millionaire, is a member of the committee to build a new bridge over the river. The girl, a young woman, is a member of the committee to build a new bridge over the river. They are both members of the committee to build a new bridge over the river.

CHAPTER IV.

His departure reduced the committee by one; but while he had been discouraging Mrs. Blucher-Ward had sailed majestically into the room, and had deposited her generously proportioned self on a divan. She was now seen to be staring straight ahead. Marsh regarded her with a knowing wink.

"It seems like a committee of three," he observed.

Familiarly enough, there was immediately another accession from the party. Marsh all at once remembered that he had not given the ship's carpenter the height of the stage.

"Christmas before last," he explained, "the stage was so high that the audience had stiff necks the rest of the voyage."

The committee was now happily depleted to two, and the real business it had in hand was begun. It soon became evident that musical talent was lacking in the ship's company, or that shyness ruled the possessors thereof, and the available performers were soon classified.

"Strangely enough," said Marion, "no one confesses ability to play an accompaniment, so I suppose if the singers are to favor us, I shall have to be pianist as well as committee."

Brill thought this an excellent plan and said so. He hoped, too, that he would be near enough when the glorious moment arrived to see those shapely, rosy fingers flying over the keys and to watch the outline of the pretty wrist, of which he now perceived that he was a little envious.

But the girl was not to be so easily won. She was a girl of a different type, a girl of a different type, a girl of a different type. She was a girl of a different type, a girl of a different type, a girl of a different type.

He brought pen and ink, and the girl wrote out the programme. It came professionally necessary, of course, for him to look over Marion's shoulder at this, and if his cheek grazed her lustrous hair and his lips almost touched that of the girl, she was wholly unmoved. He was a girl of a different type, a girl of a different type, a girl of a different type.

Just as the writing was ended, Brill, looking up as he wrote, of a sudden, saw the Mexican pass the library door. He must have noted this close communion, Brill believed, but his face gave no sign.

He was a girl of a different type, a girl of a different type, a girl of a different type. He was a girl of a different type, a girl of a different type, a girl of a different type.

Brill rose to leave the library a stewardess accompanied him.

"Beg pardon, sir," he said, "but Mr. Benedict told me to ask you if you would please stop in 'is room when you were disengaged."

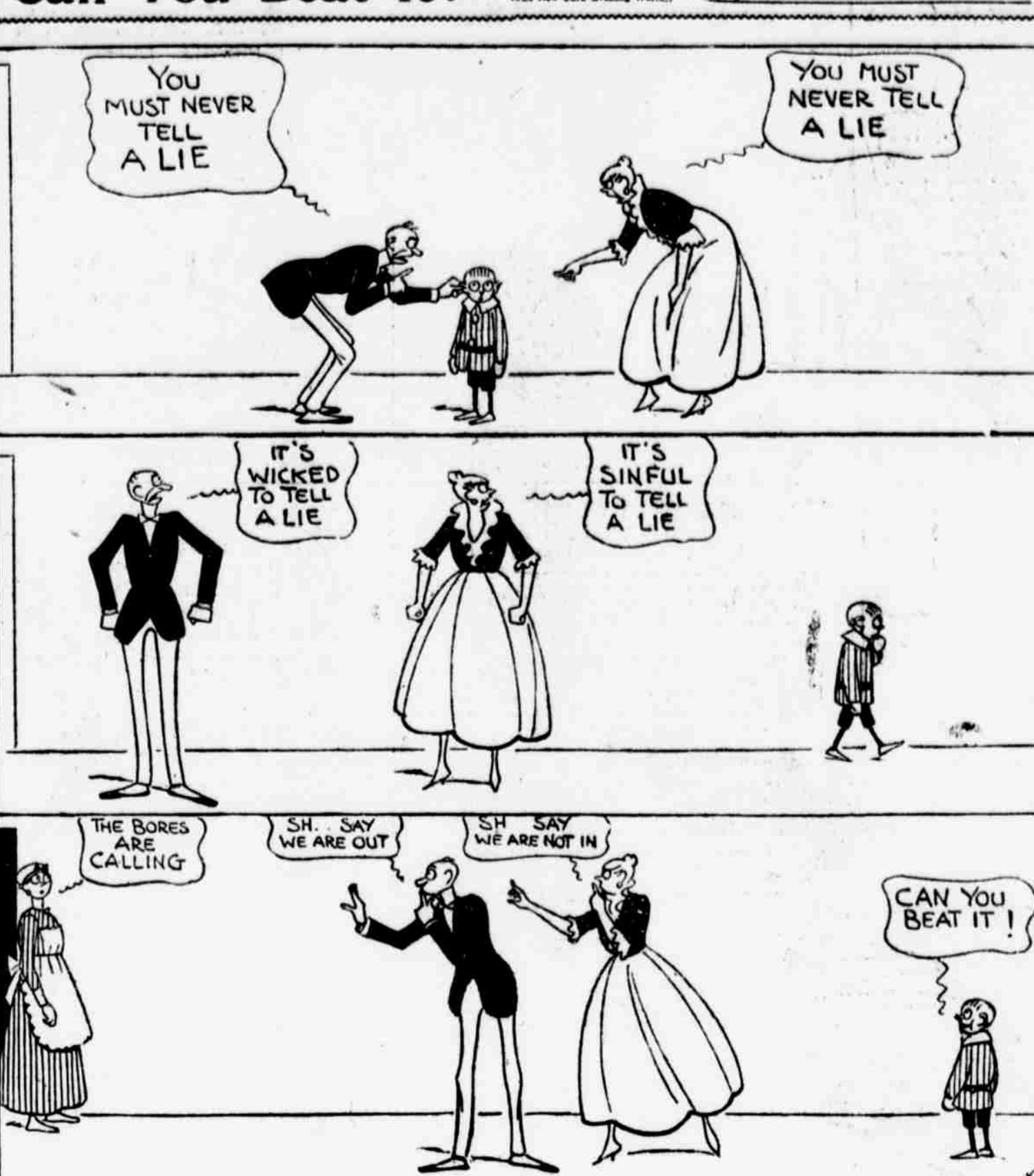
Thanking the man, Brill started to go forward almost involuntarily. He was a girl of a different type, a girl of a different type, a girl of a different type.

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Can You Beat It?

By Maurice Ketten



"Put your head close to the wall," ordered Marsh. Brill obeyed involuntarily.

"Sounds more like stifled cries," said Marsh. "I've thought for two days, but boats are queer places for crackles and echoes. I didn't know but it was imagination."

"No, Marsh; it's not that," said Brill. "I've thought for two days, but boats are queer places for crackles and echoes. I didn't know but it was imagination."

"Now that some one else has heard it," he cried, "I'm going to find out what it is. If any one but Benedict had the room, I mightn't bother."

There's no telling what he'll do. They were in the room next to mine," he said. "Who's in the room next to mine?"

"No one, Mr. Marsh," said Brill. "I thought that belonged to the Benedict people."

"No; they have from twenty-seven to thirty-three, that's it; thirty-five and thirty-seven, the rooms beyond you, are vacant."

"I may be losing my wits, but if I'm not, there's some one in that room," said Marsh.

"Brill, however, was no longer interested in the mystery, for the Jennings had come in, the father giving him a weak smile, the girl a brilliant and tempting one. He noted, with disgust, that Benedict followed and was soon in animated conversation with Miss Jennings. He tried to read in the girl's face something of her purpose, but he was disappointed. He was a girl of a different type, a girl of a different type, a girl of a different type.

"I've solved it," he heard Marsh cry; he looked at his fellow-traveller blankly.

"About the next room, I mean. It's a stowaway. Funny I didn't think of it before. May be starving to death."

"Oh," replied Brill, not seriously solicited just then about the plight of the foodless one. Mr. Jennings had beckoned to him, and he was across the dining saloon in short order inquiring for the gentleman's health.

Marsh leaned forward till his face almost touched the brass grill-work. "Purser," he said, "I think there's a passenger you don't know of in thirty-seven."

The man in uniform showed his surprise in his face, and Marsh did not lessen it by telling him what he had heard and what he surmised.

"We'll investigate at once," said he, trippingly, turning to the key-rack behind him. "Come to think, though, Capt. Humphries took both keys. They're connecting rooms, you see, and the papers are valuable."

A clerk was despatched to find the captain and get the keys, but he returned with word that the officer was about to visit the room himself, and that he would meet the investigators there in ten minutes.

When Marsh and his little party reached the scene, they saw that Capt. Humphries was just looking the door of Room 37. The purser took the key of 37, inserted it deftly, and swung open the door.

The room was absolutely vacant, save for the usual fittings of a first-class cabin. Marsh stared in and scratched his head gently. It vexed him that Capt. Humphries laughed—ever so politely, but laughed—over a matter so trivial.

"The hospital, sir," returned the purser, "but there's no one in it at present, and it would be impossible to hear a sound from there if there were."

As they all walked together, Marsh's silence told Brill that he was still excited. He was a girl of a different type, a girl of a different type, a girl of a different type.

"Suppose I'm foolish, but you said that thirty-five and thirty-seven were vacant. Perhaps when we went into thirty-seven."

"The stowaway went into thirty-five," broke in Capt. Humphries. Marsh gave him an instant's scrutiny.

"Just so," he replied.

"But the captain had just been in thirty-five," remarked the purser. "Yes, but there was time to go from thirty-five to the other, interposed the captain, and perhaps he was under the berth—this with an indignant snarl. He was a girl of a different type, a girl of a different type, a girl of a different type.

Brill found it simply itself to begin to talk to Miss Jennings, especially as Benedict was chatting with her. He was a girl of a different type, a girl of a different type, a girl of a different type.

"Well, I'll give it up," he puffed, and he straightened himself and bade the captain and purser good day. He was a girl of a different type, a girl of a different type, a girl of a different type.

Brill went to his friend's room, as if in that seclusion something more might be learned. He looked at Marsh, and Marsh at him, but no comprehension flashed across their gaze.

"I'd think something the matter with me if I hadn't heard too," exclaimed the stout host. He went to the wall and listened, then shook his head. "But one thing is certain. They're not books and papers in those boxes. I tried two of 'em, and they're heavy as lead."

He opened his stateroom trunk, which he had placed across two chairs to obviate the necessity of stooping, and took therefrom a box of cigars with a Cuban label.

"Let's go to the smoking room. Think you'll call these an improve-

ment on the ship's brands." But even with the delights of good tobacco, Brill found his friend a peculiarly moody and taciturn companion.

"Mr. Overton seems to have made a most sensible suggestion," he said firmly. The others knew the respect that was due the greatest millionaire on board—for "Mr. Overton" was not rated in Bradstreet's—and the result was the appointing of a committee—Pennythorpe, Brill and Jennings—to draw up a telegram of remembrance to the steamship company. Mr. Jennings declined the honor, pleading the state of his health, and Marsh very cheerfully took his place.

The message as evolved by the trio, after Pennythorpe's fiery suggestions had been duly extinguished, was a courteous request for an explanation of the perseverance in a course which must seriously delay the voyage, to the inconvenience and loss of some of the passengers. The committee, on replying to the wireless office, found Benedict there, industriously writing on the window shelf.

"Humph!" growled Marsh. "He has more wireless messages than any man I ever heard of."

The Mexican gave no heed to the advent of the committee. He continued his writing, slackening his speed, it seemed to the impatient waiters. At last Prof. Pennythorpe could bear his deliberation no longer.

"Tray excuse me, sir," he began majestically, "but we bear a most important message from the ship's passengers to the company. We would be glad of the opportunity to send it."

Benedict threw his head up with startling, almost ferocious, swiftness, and fixed his glittering lenses on the man of science and took a step toward the office and had given him one sharp look, but nothing more in the way of recognition.

"It's scarcely regular, is it?" he said to Pennythorpe, in a careless tone. "To go over the captain's head in this way?"

Brill interposed, angry at the Mexican's contempt.

"It may not be regular, but it appears to be necessary," he said tartly. Benedict appeared to be still ignorant of the young man's existence.

"Miguel, do not send that despatch until Capt. Humphries sees it," he commanded.

"This is an outrage," said Pennythorpe. "Simply my dear sir," replied Benedict, with a smile, "because the young man who is operating the wireless happens to be my employee, and I do not wish him to be guilty of anything so contrary to what I feel must be the regulations."

Pennythorpe fumed uselessly, but Brill summoned a passing steward, and began to have respect for the doctrine of authority.

"Please say to Capt. Humphries that the wireless operator declines to send a message, and ask him if he will not settle the matter at his most immediate convenience."

Marsh, whose keen eyes had been trained on Benedict during the entire colloquy, noted a strange expression on the Mexican's face, part scorn, part amusement, part triumph. Across it there flashed the shadow of a smile, as Pennythorpe regained the message from the shelf where the operator had laid it, and began to flourish it victoriously in the air, as if its contents could thus be wafted to far-off England.

Capt. Humphries arrived at the scene of hostilities in a few moments, and in the same way, he was, from his contact with the cold wind. He wasted no time in greetings.

"The steward says that there is some trouble," he said brusquely. "We offered a message, and this gentleman ordered the operator not to send it," returned Brill.

The officer turned to Benedict, who was this indicated, and Marsh was ready to swear that something like comprehension passed between them. "If you see the message, captain," said the Mexican, "you will understand why I advised my man not to forward it."

Brill handed the paper to Capt. Humphries, who read it with slow, silent movements of the lips. Then he looked at Brill.

"Before you give your decision," exclaimed the latter, "may I say a word?"

The captain nodded courteously.

"If you prevent this respectful inquiry as to the reasons for the orders taking the Olympiad so far out of her course, will it not be imagined that something worse than anything that we have feared is responsible?"

The officer glanced from Benedict to Marsh, and from Marsh to Benedict, as if he expected the swarthy man to say something; but nothing was forthcoming.

"The message strikes me as unnecessary," said Capt. Humphries, "for now that the fog has lifted, the ship has been headed straight for Southampton."

Marsh noted how swiftly the Mexican's look flew to the sailor's face, but he could decipher nothing of its meaning.

"But of course if you insist on the telegram," continued the captain, "I shall make no further objection."

Thereupon he turned on his heel and went back to the bridge, where he could see him, standing very close to the horizon with the glass he had brought with him to the Marconi room. In a few moments Benedict, too, climbed to the airy perch.

Prof. Pennythorpe broke the committee's silence; it was in rather a chastened and rueful tone.

"I suppose," said he, "there's not much to be done."

"If you will vouch for the direction of the ship I think the passengers will be satisfied," broke in Marsh.

"I will do so, sir," replied Pennythorpe, "but I am not a fortune teller. The direction of a human frigate. No sooner had he gone than Marsh pointed to Benedict, who now stood close to the captain on the bridge. In a few moments the officer handed the Mexican his glass, and the latter, following the direction indicated, gazed long, then returned the instrument. His lips quivered, and he spoke few words. Capt. Humphries nodded his head energetically.

"They appear to have seen something they wanted to see," observed Prof. Pennythorpe, who broke out into a grin. "When as thick as pea soup, Puny, too, for it struck me, Capt. Humphries didn't take to him the first day out."

He then went down to the saloon. Marsh fumbled with which chair, curiously, a sure sign that many things were rioting in his mind. Brill kept silence, for he knew well enough by this time that the Mexican's companion would make some suggestive observation in due course if let alone. He was soon rewarded.

"Lots of funny things on this boat," he began. "One of 'em is what that beetle-browed, wireless operator said when he thought there was one near."

"What was that?" asked Brill.

"Talks to himself in Spanish. I've had to pick up a smattering for South American trade. Roughly Englished, he said as he was. Funny the senior partner about a message that couldn't have been sent anyway. Now what the devil did he mean by that, I wonder?"

CHAPTER VII.

PROF. PENNYTHORPE COLUMBUS MARSH looked ruefully at his cuffs, which he had put on with such suspicious care an hour or two earlier.

He "whist" the right one far beyond his coat and held it before Brill's gaze; it was covered with pencilled hieroglyphics.

"What's that?" queried Brill laughingly.

"That excellent old ass, Pennythorpe. While he was buttonholing me at the meeting in the saloon he was using my good luck as a note-book. Come into my room a minute till I get a fresh pair."

"Confound it all," cried the stout commercial man a moment later, as he stood before his elevated stateroom trunk and searched vainly through his pockets for his key. "I could have sworn I had the thing in my vest."

"Probably did follow," replied Brill, beginning the search about the room that he divined his friend wanted him to undertake.

"I'll go and get Jay," suggested Brill. "Perhaps he can open it for you."

"Don't mean to tell me he's a lock-smith," queried Marsh, with a smile. "He's the handiest chap with tools I

ever saw. He's daff on anything on the Mexican's face, part scorn, part amusement, part triumph. Across it there are such things nowadays. Well, bring him along, if you will. I really would like to get inside that thing."

The redoubtable Aristides was soon gazing with a semi-professional air at the trunk. He smiled with calm assurance as he noted its type. "Can you open it, Jay?" asked Brill. "It's a most ordinary lock," returned the stammering youth. "Fear that!" exclaimed Marsh, "and I paid four pounds for that trunk!"

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